The Liberalist

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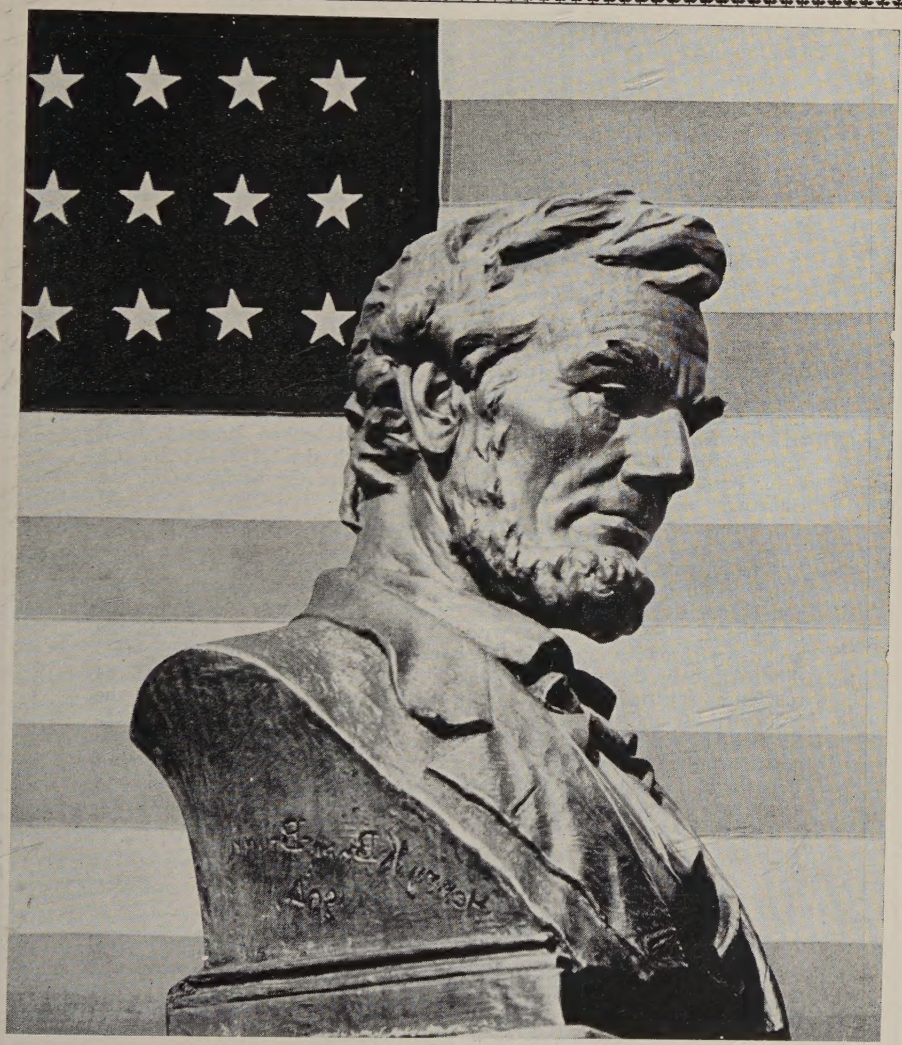
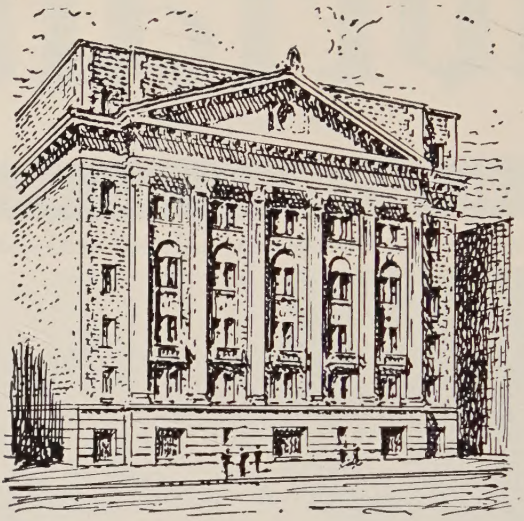


Years pass away, but freedom does not pass,
Thrones crumble, but man's birthright crumbles not,
And, like the wind across the prairie grass,
A whole world's aspirations fan this spot
With ceaseless panting after liberty,
One breath of which would make dark Russia fair,
And blow sweet summer through the exile's cave,
And set the exile free;
For which I pray, here in the open air
Of Freedom's morning-tide, by Lincoln's grave.

Maurice Thompson.

From "Lincoln's Grave" (Poems for Special Days and Occasions, Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00

"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"

"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

AMONG the many interesting occasions in which I have participated during the past month, one will remain indelibly a part of my life. You who have been hearing and reading me through the years will know of my great admiration and deep appreciation for the beloved Dr. Albert Schweitzer. His influence upon my own thinking is greater than that of any other person of my generation. I have in my library everything which he has written and many books written about him.

The experience which I had speaking at the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland, remains as one of the most valuable of my life. I am returning to the Albert Schweitzer College on July 10th and am looking forward with enthusiastic anticipation to my second visit.

On Friday, January 14, 1955, Dr. Schweitzer and the entire free world observed his birthday. Dr. Schweitzer's aversion to adulation or having any homage paid him inspired him to return to Lambaréné, in Africa, where he observed his birthday in the usual routine of the hospital life, with only members of his staff and his few friends there joining in a quiet breakfast-celebration, with the proverbial luxury of "one fried egg," which is a birthday tradition in Lambaréné.

All of the excitement about his birthday throughout the free world would not meet with his approval, but there was nothing he could do to prevent the spontaneous acclaim everywhere where men love freedom and liberty and have an opportunity to give unrestricted expression to their love.

Dr. Schweitzer spent six work-filled months this past summer and autumn in his boyhood home in Günsbach, Alsace. Early in November he made a fleeting trip to Oslo, Norway, to deliver his penetrating Nobel Peace Prize speech. On December 10th the aging, ageless Albert Schweitzer once again boarded the boat at Bordeaux and silently turned his back on the comforts of European civilization to journey to his primitive jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa. Once again he has resumed his now forty-year-old routine —the self-imposed task of lightening the health burdens of the forest dwellers of the Dark Continent. In the spirit and pattern of an ancient Healer and Teacher, he assuages the anguish of the suffering, brings help and hope to the lepers, and "casts out demons" with modern miracle medicines. In a land where "death and torturing pain ruled unhindered," he came to do much for the least of these people in a spirit of selfless love.

Important as these mercy services are to the health-needy patients in the hospital at Lambaréné, they are dwarfed by the significance of Schweitzer, the symbol of freedom and peace.

I have just finished reading for the second time the address which he made in Oslo when he accepted the Nobel Prize. It is a document for the ages and is published entirely in the volume edited by Homer A. Jack and which was published on Dr. Schweitzer's birthday, entitled "To Albert Schweitzer on his 80th Birthday." It is like a beam of hope from the infinite that our ailing and divided world, poised over its self-inflicted thermonuclear abyss, has an opportunity to pause and to heed Schweitzer's prudent counsel

on a course toward permanent peace.

The Oslo address is so far above all the strivings of the diplomats in their effort to preserve the thousand-year-old fallacy of "balance of power" as the basis for permanent peace, that if Albert Schweitzer could sit in the United Nations and they would listen to him, they would hear a presentation of the problems of peace against the background of his historical knowledge, philosophical thinking and consecrated living. The contrast between the vision of Schweitzer and the selfish ambitions of men and nations is so apparent that it becomes an international tragedy that the great Oslo address is not translated into every language on the face of the earth and read by all of the well-meaning men and nations who are desperately and tragically trying to create a world of comity and understanding.

Likewise it is fortunate and it may be fateful that from the African wilderness we are hearing a cry of warning in time to save mankind from losing its hard-won freedoms to the creeping forces of tyranny.

Schweitzer is a symbol of freedom even in his faith. No world creed escaped the probing, scholarly scrutiny and free, objective inquiry of Albert Schweitzer before he became transfigured in thought and transformed into action by the incomparable ethical teachings of Jesus. It was in the context of freedom that this modern man of peace and compassion discovered the Prince of Peace and then followed Him to labor in the vineyard. And as Dr. Herbert M. Phillips, who has been Dr. Schweitzer's guest in Günsbach, and from whom I have freely quoted, says, "Today, in these early hours of Schweitzer's eight-first year, we may be assured that he still 'stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.' "

The major observance of his birthday took place in Cahn Auditorium, Northwestern University, in Evanston, on the evening of Schweitzer's 80th birthday. The event was sponsored by the office of the chaplain of Northwestern University, the School of Music, Northwestern University, the Church Federation of Greater Chicago, the Evanston Council of Churches, and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Phillips, of Kenilworth. Dr. and Mrs. Phillips first conceived of having a few friends in their own home that evening to pay tribute to Dr. Schweitzer. The interest grew and they decided to go to a small chapel in the University. The interest still grew and it was finally decided to hold the affair in Cahn Auditorium, where there are 1200 seats. The Auditorium was packed, the program was amplified to another hall seating several hundred and more than a thousand people were turned away.

Rev. Walter D. Wagoner, Chaplain of Northwestern University, presided. The music consisted of the playing of some recorded organ music by Dr. Albert Schweitzer of his beloved Bach, of whom there has never been a finer interpreter than Dr. Schweitzer. Richard Enright, of the School of Music of Northwestern University; Organist and Choirmaster of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, during the program played three Bach numbers, which held the great audience enthralled and inspired. The numbers were played with great mastery and intelligence.

The first speaker was Dr. Phillips, of Kenilworth, who was the guest of Albert Schweitzer in Günsbach, on a "Prose Portrait of a Prophet." The next speaker was Dr. Ulysses Grant Dailey, Consulting Surgeon of Provident Hospital, Chicago, who had been a guest of Dr. Schweitzer in Lam-

baréné. Dr. Dailey is a distinguished surgeon and has recently returned from a prolonged tour in the Orient for our own government. He spoke on "Albert Schweitzer and Medical Science." I followed Dr. Dailey on the program with an address on "Albert Schweitzer and Education," in which I told of the origin of the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland and my experiences there. Dr. Duncan E. Littlefair, Minister of the Fountain Street Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan, who had been a guest of the Schweitzer Hospital at Lambaréné, spoke on "The Inner Significance of Albert Schweitzer." He was followed by the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, who spoke on "Schweitzer, Citizen of the World." And Dr. Homer A. Jack, Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Evanston, closed the program with a beautiful tribute and reading from the new volume which he edited and which was published on that day.

Chaplain Wagoner read these closing words:

"He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, He came to those who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His Fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is."

The entire program was transcribed and has been sent to Dr. Schweitzer for him to hear in far off Lambaréné.

Who can ever estimate the power and the influence of this man! With the coming of the centuries the contribution which he has made will be remembered and the inspiration of his life will linger long after those who create discord, animosity and hate will be unremembered dust. If any man of this generation has achieved immortality during his lifetime it is the great Dr. Schweitzer. He is the complete antidote to Nietsche and all of Nietsche's philosophy—Nietsche who taught that Christianity was a weak religion, only for weak people; for its gospel of forgiveness and love was a gospel of decay.

Dr. Schweitzer has taught that love is more powerful than hate, and the ethics of Christ constitutes the only foundation for the building of a warless and creedless world. The abnegation of self is strength—not weakness. Forgiveness is strength—not weakness. "Reverence for Life," which is the one dominating phrase incorporating Dr. Schweitzer's whole philosophy, is not weakness. It is the highest manifestation of strength. A man is not weak when he reaches down in a posthole to lift up the beetles so they will not be crushed when the post is put into the newly-dug hole, as Dr. Schweitzer has done, or when he brushes the crumbs from the table, that the ants on the ground might have food. That is not weakness. That is strength; the most beautiful and powerful thing in the world. And in a world of selfishness and greed, a man who will give every dollar of the Nobel Prize (more than $30,000) to buy a new corrugated tin roof for his work in Lambaréné—that is not weakness—that is strength and nobility and greatness!

I am grateful that I was invited to share in this great moment of loving tribute to Dr. Schweitzer. The spiritual vibration of the entire meeting reflected his own spirit and more, for much of the sacrifice and love of Lambaréné was present in the Cahn Auditorium in Evanston.

I mentioned in a preceding paragraph the book which Dr. Homer A. Jack had edited for Dr. Schweitzer's birthday. I cannot endorse this too highly. The book sells for $5, but $2.50 of that amount goes directly to Dr. Schweitzer's Hospital in Lambaréné. The book consists of 23 tributes paid him by the most distinguished people in the world, as well as some recent unpublished writings of Dr. Schweitzer. There is a complete bibliography and a chronological biography, which makes the book of great value to all who are interested in the life and work of Dr. Schweitzer.

If you want a copy of this book just write to me at the Peoples Church and I will see that one is sent to you, remembering as you do so that $2.50 of the price goes to support the work Dr. Schweitzer is doing.

* * *

The other day I received a letter which asked me to do something which I want to share with you. I have been a member of the Masonic fraternity for forty years. I have taken everything in Masonry except the 33rd Degree and the Consistory. The only reason I have never taken the Consistory is because it has simply been impossible on account of the time required. The 33rd Degree is purely honorary and in recognition of Masonic services, and because of my busy life this I shall never expect to receive.

The present Imperial Potentate of the Shrine, Mr. Frank S. Land, of Kansas City, Missouri, has started a movement in the Shrine which reflects the general trend of interest in religion. A Chaplain's Corps is being organized among the inspirational preachers of America, belonging to Freemasonry. It will be the business of this Corps to lead great community church services under the auspices of Shrine Temples and Clubs throughout North America in a program known as "The Shrine's Hour With God." I have been named by the Imperial Potentate as one of the Chaplains of the Imperial Council in this religious effort of the Shrine. It is an honor I deeply appreciate and as always, when recognition comes to me, I want to share it with my church, for the church gives me the opportunity, the inspiration and the background for my work. There will be held some great meetings in the Shrine Temple here in Chicago under this program.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, of New York, is the Imperial Chaplain of the Shrine and the Chaplain's Corps of the Shrine throughout the nation will be co-operating in "The Shrine's Hour With God." The Imperial Potentate for the first time in the history of the Shrine will emphasize the spiritual need of men, and every Shriner in the United States ought to give him and the Chaplain's Corps their finest co-operation and encouragement.

* * *

At the moment I am in the midst of the hectic plans which seem to be necessary when a new book is published. My new book, "Happiness Through Creative Living," which will be published February 1st by Doubleday-Hanover House, New York (I am writing these words before I have seen the published book) is to be serialized by the Chicago Tribune, beginning February 1st. I have many radio and TV appearances booked, together with autographing parties to be held in all the major book stores. This is my eighth book, and with no other book has so much previous effort been made to bring the book to the attention of the reading public. Autograph parties are being arranged in the cities where

(*Continued on page* 16)

See Dr. Bradley's new book

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"

Published by Doubleday-Hanover House

On sale at all book stores and book departments.
Also in the lobby of The Peoples Church.

Creative living is a way of life. Set your goal—and achieve it through this simple, positive program.

Feb. 1—Publication date. Hear Dr. Bradley 3 p.m. WCFL, with Bob Elson, from the Pump Room, Ambassador Hotel.

Daily serial publication begins in the Chicago Tribune.

See and hear Dr. Bradley on WBBM Channel 2 TV, with Irving Kupcinet, 10:45 p.m.

Feb. 2—Hear Dr. Bradley and attend his reception and autographing party—The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.
Book Lecture on "Happiness Through Creative Living"—8 p.m.
Reception and autographing party—9 p.m.

Feb. 3—See and hear Dr. Bradley, WBBM-TV, Channel 2, Lee Phillips Program—4 p.m.

Feb. 7—See and hear Dr. Bradley with Don McNeill's Breakfast Club WBKB-TV Channel 7, Morrison Hotel, Terrace Casino.

The Fair Store, 8th Floor Autographing Party—1 p.m.

Feb. 12—Art Institute Club Room—Autographing Party, Friends of Literature Luncheon, 12:30 p.m.

Feb. 15—Welcome Travelers, WBBM-TV Channel 2, NBC, Interview. Tom Cook

Feb. 26—Wieboldt's Evanston Store, 1007 Church St., Evanston, Book Dept., 1st Floor, Autographing Party, 1 p.m.

FEBRUARY CHURCH SERVICES—HEAR DR. BRADLEY

Morning—11 o'clock

Feb. 6—"GETTING RID OF YOURSELF"
Feb. 13—THE EVER-GROWING LINCOLN"
Feb. 20—"IF WASHINGTON HAD FAILED!"
Feb. 27—"ALL PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED!"

Evening—7 o'clock

Feb. 6—"SPIRITUALISM—FACT OR HOAX?"
Feb. 13—"ASTROLOGY, PALMISTRY, CARDS, NUMBERS AND TEACUPS"
Feb. 20—"BROTHERHOOD EVENING"
Feb. 27—"IS ATHEISM A RELIGION?"

DR. BRADLEY'S FEBRUARY BOOK LECTURES in the Peoples Church

February 2—"Happiness Through Creative Living"—Preston Bradley
February 9—"Marked Corners"—Francesca Falk Miller
February 16—"The Spoor of Spooks"—Bergen Evans
February 23—"The Literary Situation"—Malcolm Cowley

"LIFE IS LIKE A SHIP"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, December 5, 1954

PEOPLE who know the sea and who love ships and who have often traveled on ships know that the people who are most familiar with ships and the sailing of ships never refer to a ship as a "boat." If you ever go down to any ocean port and get on a ship, never refer to it as a "boat"! That will identify you, probably, with some of our land-locked Mid-Western States, because those of us who come from the Mid-West as I do, always refer to them as "boats"! Now I don't want to confuse you about this matter, because I can't remember when I didn't love boats. I love ships, but I love boats! And the first boat I ever had was a row boat that my father and John Sleeman, who was a carpenter and had a carpenter shop back of my father's blacksmith shop, made together for me. I loved, and was born, right on the banks of the Shiawassee River and I had this little river all of my life, and still have it, thank God! Well, I just loved to get into the water and I loved to swim—I was taught to swim in the old swimming hole in that little river—and I just loved boats.

My father one day, said to my mother: "Well, I guess we'll have to make that boy a boat, because if we don't, he's going to drown himself on a raft!" Because we were always making rafts and going out into the little river and falling in! I've been near drowning three times in my life! There's a chap out in Albion, Michigan, by the name of Alfred Marble who saved my life once when I was a little boy, and I have never forgotten it—and neither has he! Well, my father was afraid that we were going to drown some day in that little river so he said to my mother: "I think we'll make him a boat!" Well they made me a boat, and it wasn't much of a boat! It was a flat-bottomed affair and it was square on both ends, but it was quite safe and it was a good boat for me! That's the first boat I ever owned, and from that time until this very day I have never been without one. I love them and I never remember when there wasn't a fascination about them for me.

When I was quite young, in fact in high school, I used to run away from home quite frequently—I hope no youngsters are hearing me now—and go to Detroit, which was fifty-five miles away, and get on one of those Mackinac Island ships that the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company used to run out of Detroit—those great side-

wheelers; they were wonderful ships—and I would try to work my passage to get on one of those ships! I would say: "Well now, I can wash dishes, or I can scrub or I can sweep—I can do anything on this ship! I just want to ride up to Mackinac Island and back!" And I can't tell you how many times I was able to put it over. I made a great many trips when I was a youngster in those days! And the fascination of the sea and the ships remains with me as one of the strongest imperatives of my life; so much so, that I thrill at every opportunity that I get where I can see the sea or see a ship—and it does something to me!

I've crossed the Atlantic Ocean forty times now, and I shall cross it again very soon, and there isn't any experience in my life that does to me quite what it does to me to stand at midnight at the bow of a great ship at sea and watch the stars and feel the throbbing of the inner life of the ship and that inevitable, rhythmic rising and lowering of that ship! The sky seems different at sea; the stars seem closer, and I get a perspective of life, on a ship, that I never get anywhere else! Never! There's a sort of feeling of suspension! You have broken with something behind you back there; you have not quite become a part of something ahead of you that you're looking forward to! You're suspended between two realities—the reality that you left and the reality toward which you are going! And in that experience something happens to your soul! Now I have been on all kinds of ships in all kinds of weather! I have been on a ship when it didn't seem that the ship could possibly ever make land, and I have been on a ship when the sea was perfectly calm and indescribably beautiful!

I shall not forget a voyage which I made once from Reykjavik, Iceland, to Bergen, Norway, on a little ship of less than four thousand tons called the Meteor. The Meteor was the private yacht of the German Kaiser. By the way, the Meteor was made in the United States and was christened by Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and after the war the Norwegian government got possession of the Meteor and I was able to take that little ship one time from Reykjavik, Iceland, to Bergen, Norway, over the most tumultous seas I have ever been in! And what a little, little ship it was! And I had some little concern, not fear, but some little concern that we might not make it! The ship was old—and I was saying to a gentleman, who was a fellow passenger: "Well, this is a pretty bad storm, isn't it?" He said: "Yes, it's about as bad as I've ever been out in!" and he was in that area often. "But," he said, "we'll make it!" And I said: "How do you know?" He said: "We have a captain of this ship who has the finest reputation of any captain in the Atlantic service!" The Norwegians are great navigators and great sailors—there are none better! And he said: "I know the captain!" And when he said to me: "I know the Captain!" it did something to my own fears! Life is like a ship! No ship ever sails without having a definite objective; no ship ever sails without the captain knowing the port toward which he is bound! There were "Blind orders" in the war—but the "blind orders" only lasted until the three mile limit! And when the captain takes a great liner out to sea, he can tell you, within a matter of minutes, what time he will get a landfall on the other side! The ship always has an objective!

Life is like a ship! What is your objective? What is the far-off port that you are seeking in your life? Where are you trying to go? Have you

a chart? Have you a plan? Have you straightened things out with your life, so that you need not fear the storm of life? For there will be storms; a Captain never knows about his ship until he has taken it through a storm! There will be storms on your ship of life, just as I have known the storms on my ship of life! But the one thing that is primary and essential is to have a definite harbor in mind. And if you have an objective for your life, young people, if you can see clearly the harbor lights of some unseen destiny; if you can say to your life: "There will be storms and defeats and disillusionments and frustrations and anxieties, but over the rim, yonder, there is a light, a harbor light, which is the light of my goal; and I shall test the ship of my life by its storms; but as long as that light gleams, the light of my hopes and my dreams—all will be well!" Any life can make adjustments and deepen the foundations under life if that life builds a definite objective! What do you want to do with life, young man; what do you want to do with life, young woman?

Life is a ship—and if you have a definite objective to life, then remember that no ship ever sails without a Captain! No line of ships would ever permit a ship to leave a port without a Captain! There may be Executive Officers and Chief Officers and First Officers and Second Officers and Third Officers—that is not enough! No ship ever leaves without a supreme commander! We crossed the Atlantic three times in one season with Captain Sorrell, who is now sailing the Queen Mary! Captain Sorrell is a little man, about five foot five! He has to stand on a box to look over the bridge, but he is the man who was *such* a master of his ship, that during the strike at New York City he brought the Queen Mary in and ran her alongside her pier and tied her up without a tug—that little man! And the great ship company trusted him! So much so, that when the Queen Mother returned to England a few days ago on the same ship—it is the tradition of a great steamship line to send the Commodore as the Chief Captain of the ship that carries the Sovereign. That would have meant that the Master of the Queen Elizabeth would have gone to the Queen Mary to take the Queen Mother home! But the whole crew of the Queen Mary wrote a letter, and they all signed it, to the line's office in London: "Let Captain Sorrell take the Queen Mother home!" They believed in their Captain!

Have you a Captain on your ship of life? Have you someone who is supreme, to whom you can go with your anxieties and your tears and your heartaches and your despair, and say: "Captain, I trust you with everything! The storm is upon us, but I trust my Captain!" There is such a Captain! Let me recommend Him to you! And if you will trust your Captain of your ship of life that harbor will someday materialize out of the mist, and on the darkest night the light will illumine your heart and your soul! Yes—life is like a ship! Direction and Captain—but even more!

I have the pleasure of having the friendship of the Chief Engineer of the Queen Elizabeth—Chief Engineer Davidson—an old Scotsman who has spent his life at sea! And he took me, one afternoon, down into the very heart of that great ship, the Queen Elizabeth! I saw those four great shafts that turn four great propellors, that weigh fifty thousand pounds each. And as he explained to me that great power plant of the Queen Elizabeth I thought: "Life is like a ship!" You must have a

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

BISHOP SHEEN, in beginning an article a few days ago, said this: "The thing we need to fear in this age is not atomic bombs, but atomic men!"

The philosophy of the first atomic man, the Roman pagan Lucretius, was the philosophy of the brutality of Naturalistic Mechanics: Man in a universe where he has nothing to do with his origin, the time of entering the universe or of going out of it—caught in a universe of naturalistic, legalistic law—a helpless, impotent victim. Accepting such an interpretation of the cosmos we could justify every fear. But if we can transfer atomic power into the minds and into the hearts and into the hands of those who follow the way of Christ, the spiritual power of idealism and love and beauty and goodness and truth—give that kind of man atomic power and you needn't worry ever again! Would you be afraid of atomic power being given to St. Francis of Assisi? Would you worry about atomic power given into the hands of Albert Schweitzer? What would you have to worry about if Albert Schweitzer sat in on the Four or Five Power Conference, and was there as a representative of humanity and of God? Not one worry! What do you think would happen if atomic power could be given to Gandhi of India in this critical hour of the Far East? Supposing Gandhi had the authority of atomic power—would the world worry about the deepening cleavage between the East and the West; between the Orient and the Occident? You know it wouldn't! If Gandhi had this atomic power you wouldn't worry another hour! Supposing you could give this atomic power into the hands of George Washington Carver! Would you worry? Supposing you would give this power into the hands of Kagawa of Japan? I wait for the day, when, in the Council of the World Powers, there will be a desk in the United Nations, a place in a President's Cabinet, and a place in the the Councils of the World for atomic power in the hands of God-impregnated men! Open the diplomatic channels of the world to atomic power in the hands of consecrated men and your troubles are over! And over-shadowing all of these whom I have mentioned, bringing no fear to our hearts did they possess atomic power, place it in the gentle hands, the loving hands, the feeling hands of the Christ of Galilee! Give your atomic power into those hands and the Kingdom of God will dawn upon the earth! Amen.

LIFE IS LIKE A SHIP

(*Continued from page* 10)

power plant in your life, and that power plant cannot be seen! The Queen Mary has three funnels, the Queen Elizabeth but two, and one funnel on the Queen Mary is superfluous — it means nothing! But you know neither the significance of the funnel nor the outward appearance of the ship until you know the power hidden away within the ship! What about your power plant? Do you have a power plant, direction, and a Captain? Well, if you have, the hurricanes of life can strike you, and out of the hurricanes you will become a stronger and a more beautiful character! Yes—life is like a ship! Dear Captain of our Souls—might each of us find a chart for life; might each of us find a Captain; might each of us find the power, that our ship of life, storm tossed, may find the Harbor of Peace and Love! Amen

BOOK CHATS

THE first time you visit your favorite book shop, ask to see *The World of Albert Schweitzer,* a book of photographs by Erica Anderson, with text and captions by Eugene Exman. Harper is the publisher. Primarily it is a book of superb photographs of Dr. Schweitzer's work in Africa, but it has also enough biographical and factual text to provide a clear understanding of Dr. Schweitzer's thought and activity.

Erica Anderson spent the better part of four years in Albert Schweitzer country, making several trips to both Lamberéné, in French Equatorial Africa and to Günsbach, in Alsace, France. She is well-known in Europe and in America for her work, both with still and motion pictures. With Jerome Hill she has produced a film biography of Grandma Moses.

Eugene Exman, who wrote the text and captions, is a director of Harper & Brothers and manager of the Religious Books Department. He has visited both Lambaréné and Günsbach, and accompanied Dr. Schweitzer to Aspen, Colorado, for the Goethe bi-centennial celebration in 1949.

Barbara Morgan, the author-photographer-designer of *Summer's Children* and of *Martha Graham: 16 Dances in Photographs,* did the picture editing, layout and typography. She is well-known as an exhibiting photographer.

The 169 photographs in the book are reproduced in photogravure, and are as effective as paintings. On a page opposite an unusually lifelike photograph of Albert Schweitzer is this quote from his book *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth:* "Sometimes our light goes out but is blown again into flame by an encounter with another human being. Each of us owes the deepest thanks to those who have rekindled this inner light." Erica Anderson then adds:

"Such a flame was lighted when I met Albert Schweitzer. This book is an expression of gratitude and devotion to the man who has rekindled the light. I hope it will help others to discover the world of Albert Schweitzer, the

greatest thinker, the humble doer, the healer and the artist.

In the introduction to Albert Schweitzer we read:

"Albert Schweitzer's fame, however, is not due simply to his having established a hospital in an equatorial jungle. Other doctors have built hospitals —sometimes better equipped—in far countries, yet their work is relatively unknown. Dr. Schweitzer's significance lies in the extent of his exceptional gifts —native endowments, perhaps, but cultivated beyond the excellence of most— and in their dedication to a common end. He is a Doctor of Medicine and also a Doctor of Music, of Philosophy, and of Theology. He is the author of books in all these fields, translated into many languages. His philosophical thought has profoundly influenced two generations. As a theologian he has practiced what he has preached and his text has been "Reverence for Life." In putting it into practice in hot, humid Africa, he has become a symbol throughout the world of man's belief in man—an example of compassion for persons, in a day of mass hatreds."

Did he ever become discouraged, we wonder? Later on we read:

"During the seven years of his absence the Hospital grounds had been reclaimed by the forest; all buildings had to be rebuilt. And no sooner rebuilt than outgrown. As word spread that the European Doctor had returned to Lambaréné, patients came in increasing numbers. Before, they had come mainly from the Galloa and Pahouin tribes; now ten different tribes, some even more primitive, were filling the wards and adding to the confusion of tongues. To add to the Hospital's burdens, Dr. Schweitzer himself became a patient because of ulcerated feet. In the spring of 1925, as though to climax the end of a year and a half of almost continuous rain, there came an epidemic of both amoebic and bacillary dysentery.

"What a blockhead I was to come out here to doctor savages like these!" he cried out one day. 'Yes,' replied his orderly Joseph. 'Yes, Doctor, here on earth you are a great blockhead, but not in heaven.' "

A solid bookful of pictures tells a graphic story, making a far greater impression in a much less space of time than words could do. We urge that you make an attempt to see this book.

Among other things you will see Arrival of the River Steamer, Hospital Street and Patients, How the Patients Live, Maternity Ward, Hospital Records and Operations, Children, Garden and Plantation, Lambaréné Kitchen, Daily Chores, Native Crafts, Sunday Service, Birthdays, Tropical Christmas, Tom Toms, Dry Season, Clearing the Jungle, New Buildings, Leper Village, Jungle Path, Pets, Night Rounds, The Importance of Thought, Music in Lambaréné.

Of Europe and the Alsatian Homeland of Albert Schweitzer, you will see Günsbach, At Home in Europe, Family Album, Honoris Causa, The House That Goethe Built, Schweitzer the Musician, Recording Organ Music, Vineyards and Village Neighbours, Saying Good-bye.

* * *

How beautiful is the tendency, becoming more and more prevalent, of honoring our great while they still live and walk and work among us. There has been published a tribute to Albert Schweitzer—To Albert Schweitzer; a Festschrift," commemorating his 80th birthday. This is a collection of tributes by famous men, such as Adlai Stevenson, Nehru, Albert Einstein and many others. The book contains in addition the speech which Dr. Schweitzer made at the time of receiving the Nobel

Peace Prize, and several writings by Dr. Schweitzer.

The book is published by The Friends of Albert Schweitzer. The price of the book is $5, one-half of which goes to cover publication costs. The other half, or $2.50 goes direct to The Dr. Schweitzer 80th Birthday Hospital Fund. The total amount from such sale in our own church, when sent to the Fund will be designated as a gift from the Peoples Church to the Fund. This book is now on sale at the sermon table in the church lobby.

This is a very interesting way of helping the great cause of a great man, and at the same time having a beautiful souvenir of his work.

* * *

The Vulcan Press of Birmingham, Alabama, has brought out a "new, revised 3rd edition" of Ian Stuart's *Thoughts For Johnny*. Ian Stuart was born in Dublin, Ireland and we are told he is probably the only man to have held executive school posts in three countries—England, Ireland and the United States. At present he is Educational Director for the Southern States Industrial Council. He is greatly in demand as a public speaker and during the past year has appeared on over 200 occasions before some of the most important organizations in the sixteen southern states. He yearly appears before nearly 100,000 high school and college students. He was graduated from the University of Dublin with a Moderatorship in History and Political Science. He had a remarkably all-round career there. In addition to scholarship, he became one of the few British athletes ever to represent their country in two major sports — track and Rugby Football. Also he was selected as a member of the British Isles team touring South Africa in 1924. In 1927 he introduced Rugby Football to Harrow School, and for many years was regarded as the outstanding coach in the British Isles.

He began teaching at St. Paul School, London. After three years he went to Harrow. At 30 he became headmaster of the co-educational Grammar School at Beaminster, England. Three years later he moved to Northern Ireland, where, for ten years prior to his coming to the United States, he was Headmaster of the Royal School at Enniskillen, and a member of the Senate of Belfast University.

He is a member of the Royal Society of Teachers; Life Member of the Headmasters' Conference (England); founder and Secretary of the Headmasters' Conference (Ireland); the editor of the Simplified Shakespeare Series which is finding great favor among high school and college students and teachers the world over. He has been listed since 1933 in Who's Who.

He was invited to the United States in 1947, as a guest at the Conference on Secondary Education which concluded the Bicentennial Celebrations of Princeton University. The group thus invited were leaders in this field of education throughout the world. He returned to the United States in the fall of 1947 with his wife and three children and became Director of Guidance at Mercersburg Academy, Pennsylvania. Two years later he moved to Birmingham, Alabama, where he became a Director of the Alabama Educational Foundation.

Thoughts For Johnny is an inspirational book, prepared by this leading educator and forceful speaker. His message is one of a return to the principles that have made America so strong and able to withstand the great pressures of our age.

The publishers tell us that the only thing that is missing in this immensely

popular book for people of all ages is Ian Stuart's Scotch-Irish brogue. Through the medium of this book the old schoolmaster enters your home and "sets himself down" with you and your youngsters for a friendly chat about what has made America great—faith in God, freedom to work. The author has a "never fear" philosophy. He annually travels over 60,000 miles by air, speaking to high school students during the school day and counseling anxious parents at noon and night during the gathering of civic and social clubs. His message is of three important loves—Love of God, Love of Country and Love of Work. In an exuberant way he reaffirms our faith in this great land and defines what must be done to secure our future.

The author tells Johnny to "Guard carefully your birthright of freedom and thought, and be forever alert against those who would take over your responsibility and do the thinking for you. Mark my words, it is not only a responsibility, it is a trust, the faithful discharge of which you owe to Him in whose image you've been created. Prize it, Johnny, and never let familiarity breed a contempt for this the greatest of man's freedoms, and which once handed over will be lost forever. Have nothing to do with the fellow who would feed you with thoughts off a spoon, in predigested form, which is nothing more than pap and only fit for infants. A nation composed of men who pride themselves on being free should have no use for directed thought and mass thinking, which has been worked out by a few and imposed on the many. You've got to do your own thinking.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

"For goodness sake mind you're not gulled by the guy whose platform pranks are made of tempting offers, for he's generally either a knave or a fool, though in some cases he's just a wishful thinker, who counts on there always being a tomorrow, and that it will turn out fine for him. Have the wit to reason out for yourself whether or not these promises could possibly materialize. The school and college that's doing the job properly, and its duty to the students, takes good care to show them where to go to check 'the facts of the case' and create in them the desire to 'run and find out' all the days of their lives. Some day, when historians come to record the story of the United States, it may be that the second and third quarters of the Twentieth Century will be called the Age of Gullibility; for certainly never before have so many believed that so much can be had for so little or, indeed, in return for nothing at all, and that all they need do is to sit down and wait patiently for everything to fall into their laps."

Scattered through the book are short, pungent paragraphs of fine advice, not only for the young Janes and Johnnies, but for all of us, such as the following:

"Your life will be enriched and thrilling if you're always on the lookout to spot real fine men and women, and believe me you'll find them in all sorts of odd and unexpected places, and not confined to high places, or the right side of the railroad tracks. In the humblest surroundings you'll find truly great men and women. Let this be your guide, that it is not what a person has screwed out of life, but rather what he has put back into life, that constitutes the real man and woman. And, if I have learned anything from life, it's this, that the only real aristocracy is the Aristocracy of Achievement, those men and women who go through the world striving to

leave it a better, cleaner, happier place by reason of their having passed through it.

God will not seek thy race
Nor will He ask thy birth.
Alone He will demand of thee
What thou hast done on earth.

He tells us we are never to lose sight of the fact that a school consists of the teachers and the pupils, and in that order, and that the buildings are really of comparatively little importance compared to that human element; that some schools with buildings little better than shacks have done a superb job. We're in danger today, says he, of forgetting the old simplicity and austerity —"Mark Hopkins on one end of a log, and a student on the other—and the result, a university."

"And so to those whose task is to build new and worth-while schools I would say—first of all line up the finest bunch of teachers you can find, and pay them much more than teachers have ever received before. Then, with whatever funds remain, put up buildings, and finally collect the kids and surround the teachers with them, but see to it that the teachers never have more pupils than they can comfortably manage and give plenty of personal attention to each." There is more on this subject and the paragraph finished up: "I've never met a teacher worthy of the name who wasn't desperately anxious to work in close co-operation with the parents, or who didn't believe that the right home influence could do more for the child than the school, by laying the soundest foundation upon which to build sound education. Only a parent devoid of a sense of duty would ever consider handing their child over completely to professional upbringers. . . . The test of a teacher is, whether the pupils grow more and more curious and eager to find out, or whether they grow less and less, and eventually fall into a dumb, unquestioning state of mind."

Every Parent-Teacher's Association would do well to have a copy of *Thoughts For Johnny* on their shelves.

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page* 6)

I am soon to visit, Utica, N. Y., New Orleans, La., Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Detroit, Stillwater, Oklahoma, Minneapolis and St. Paul. In each of these cities, when I visit them, the leading book store is planning to have an autographing party. This will give me an opportunity to meet many people and old radio friends.

This book is not a book of sermons or lectures and it contains up until now the whole of my philosophy of life and what I have tried to give people during these years.

* * *

We are on the threshold of the Lenten Season. Ash Wednesday is February 23rd. While we are not a liturgical church and do not follow the ecclesiastical year with the same amount of recognition which the orthodox and liturgical churches do, we do emphasize the meaning and significance of the Lenten Season. It is a great opportunity for self-examination, dedication and consecration. Every Wednesday evening during Lent I shall discuss a book which brings a message of spiritual significance. Our Sunday services will emphasize the spirit and principles of the Lenten Season. It will be a period of devotion and consecra-

tion to our church, reaching its great climax on Easter Sunday, when we are planning to receive a new class of 100 members.

* * *

The weather in Chicago has been such during the past month that radio friends and those who attend the church from long distances have been able to attend with greater regularity and in larger number than is usual in mid-winter. For this we are very appreciative. The largest Sunday evening congregation we have had was the evening I preached on Fulton Sheen, in my series on "Religion in America." At the time of this writing there are two more Sunday evenings yet in the series, so I am not sure whether this will have represented the highlight or not, but the congregations have been large and responsive, and after all these years this is always an inspiration to me. I appreciate your attendance, your interest and the necessary financial support.

May we have a soul-searching, heart-stirring Lenten Season, and may it be one of the most glorious Easters in the life of our church.

My space is gone and my time is up, so until next month—keep looking up!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AT a Mariner's Dinner Club (the Mariner's Club is a part of the organization of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Skokie) in a friendly atmosphere of about 150 people, a gentleman stood up to introduce the speaker of the evening. A delicious, sumptuous and plentiful smorgasbord brought by the individual couples themselves had been enjoyed. We were now ready to sit back and listen. We were to hear a talk by a very black-skinned gentleman and I admit to much curiosity as to what sort of talk it would be.

The one who introduced him told us that he had gone to a Presbyterian Mission School in Africa. He had graduated from Oberlin College in this country, and was now at Northwestern University on a Fellowship.

Mr. Eduardo Mondlane, the speaker, was tall and well built, bald in front for one who is surely not over thirty. I noticed the baldness for at the beginning of his talk he frequently bent his head toward the floor. Perhaps frequently dodging our eyes at the start helped him get the engine of his thinking well under way.

He talked rapidly, throwing quite a sequence of words together before a pause. This I have noted in other African speakers. It must have something

to do with the rhythm of their own speech. He rarely hesitated. His English pronunciation was excellent, perfectly clear and understood. The finest I have heard from an African. No one seemed to breath from the time he started until he finished. We could see plainly that he had so much to tell, he couldn't waste a moment, so every moment was filled with speech.

"Africa is a big country," he said. "You could place the United States in it four times. It is 2500 miles from the Mau Mau trouble to where I live, in Mozambique, in southeast Africa."

"There are 90 different languages in Africa, and the people of every part of Africa are different from each other. Conditions are different, religion is different, politics are different, economics are different."

Mr. Mondlane, as a boy, learned to speak Portuguese before he learned English. He lived in a very rural area. His grandmother taught him his religion and philosophy of life. The first time he saw a white man, the impression of himself and those around him was: "Well, he seems to be a human being, a person or 'bantu,' but he is terribly pale and washed out looking."

"Great changes have come to Africa in a comparatively few years. Great changes have come to you in America, also, but with a difference. Here in the United States you all speak one language. Consider the greater impact on the Africans, where there are 90 languages, the people living in one section cannot understand or communicate with those of another section. You have crime in your country from all that is happening in the turmoil the world is in. The effect on Africa has been hundreds of times greater. One man who was breaking into people's houses and stealing and even murdering, when asked why he did it, said: 'I have got to live.' He was an individualist. And so there are many among my own kin who do things that are wrong and terrible. And it is a dangerous situation. In one section there may be more Europeans than Africans, and the Europeans will control. Then in another there may be a predominance of the Africans, and the Africans will control. The greater part of Africa is of course under the domination of Europeans." He spoke of suffering bludgeonings three different times by policemen because he was out after 9 o'clock at night, though he had done nothing wrong.

He is a Christian and he has his own ideas of what is a true Christian. H has seen many unchristian things done by people in churches and among otherwise intelligent men.

I was greatly interested in what he told about his grandmother's teachings. She did not separate the spirit from the body. She believed man was a whole entity, and that the spirit and the body were all wrapped up together — that there should be a wholeness — a whole man. That if there was trouble somewhere in the body something was wrong with the whole man. And Eduardo Mondlane seems to feel that Christ's idea was much like that. He isn't trying to bring Heaven down to earth, but rather trying to teach men to bring God into themselves and make of them a whole man — to combine the spiritual and material into a whole body of man — so whole that he does not just cater to those of one class or to those whom he feels are superior to him or his equal, but that he takes into his love those who have not had his advantages — that he learns to truly love his neighbor. Mr. Mondlane tried to interpret what "loving one's neighbor" meant, as it was taught by Christ.

The one who introduced him said that in bringing him from Northwest-

ern to the church, he had been impressed with his warm friendliness. We who listened were impressed in that same way — also by his power of speech and interpretation. He left the impression with one hearer of a powerful orator who will be heard from steadily from the heart of Africa in the years to come. For he intends to return to Africa and teach in the colleges there. The entire group was inspired by this black man from Africa. One gentleman in the audience told Mr. Mondlane that while listening to him he had tried to think whether he, himself, if he were speaking in Africa, could interpret the United States to Africans as Mr. Mondlane had interpreted Africa to us in such a short space of time. The applause was thunderous and I, myself, felt it would have been a just tribute to the speaker's simple eloquence, ability and vision, if the audience had stood up in acknowledgement of his ability and power, and of the inspiration of his address.

* * *

We open our Mail Bag and find the letters piled up high. We will first quote a paragraph from a letter by Mr. Ralph G. Newman of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop:

"When Carl Sandburg was here a few weeks ago, he asked about you, and referred to you most affectionately as 'the indestructible Preston Bradley.' He classed you with the Water Tower and the Board of Trade Building, and his favorite Stock Yards, as one of the great Chicago landmarks."

* * *

Dr. Bradley frequently says when officiating at a funeral service that each of us preaches his or her own funeral service daily.

He recently received a letter from Lois Sumner McPhee, the daughter of Mrs. Thomas H. Sumner of Maywood, who passed on early in November, and who had been a member of the Woman's Club of our church since 1940. In her letter, Mrs. McPhee says this of her mother:

"No earthly monument could compare with those she has built constantly during her lifetime."

What a beautiful tribute from a daughter!

* * *

Dr. Bradley gave the address at a dinner in Grand Rapids, at their Constitution Day Observance, at which an award was given by the Grand Rapids Real Estate Board in their annual Constitution Day Essay contest. He received the following letter:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

In all probability you will be interested in reading a letter which this office received from one of the students who participated in our annual Constitution Day essay contest. Copy follows:

Dear Miss Hunsinger:

As a winner in the essay contest sponsored by the Grand Rapids Real Estate Board, I would like to thank you for the inspiring program, the greatly appreciated award, and the excellent dinner. I was so pleased to attend and to be able to receive the award for Central High School. We are very grateful to the Board for bringing Dr. Preston Bradley to Grand Rapids for us to hear. He is truly an inspiring speaker. Thank you very much. Sincerely, Betsey Mast.

As Mr. De Vries, Chairman of the Committee on Constitution Day, told you, this Board has sponsored such a contest annually since 1948. Anyone who has had anything to do with this program has been inspired and encouraged by the response from the students as evidenced by their essays. The

faculty members have expressed their appreciation for the Board's sponsorship because of the increased understanding of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights which the students have gained.

It has been the privilege of the writer to have worked with each committee. Your contribution to our 1954 program has not been surpassed by any of our guest speakers. To me, it has not been equaled. We have had many compliments on our 1954 program from our members and guests. May I say thank you on behalf of the Grand Rapids Real Estate Board and on my own behalf express my deep appreciation for your appropriate and inspiring message.

Sincerely,
Louise A. Hunsinger,
Executive Secretary
Grand Rapids Real Estate Board

* * *

Many of our older members will be glad to know that Dr. Bradley had a very nice note from "Mother" Zoehrns, from Jackson Heights, New York, with a postscript from her daughter Helen.

Dearest Doctor Bradley:

You surely made me very happy by remembering this old girl on her 94th birthday. I realize how much you are in demand everywhere, and to think that you found time to think of me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart and wish and pray, God bless you and keep you in the best of health and happiness for many, many years to come.

With all my love,
Mother Zoehrns.

(P.S. from Helen): Mother had a most wonderful birthday. Received 30 cards from our friends from all over the country. She is feeling fine and still raring to go places. Carl came over to help celebrate. She cooked a lovely chicken dinner for us and one of my clients sent her a lovely RCA Victor television with an 18-inch screen. Our Long Island paper came up and took her picture with Carl and me. She certainly was in the limelight, but you will never know how happy it made her to receive your greeting. That pleased her most of all. She felt honored, believe me.

Now I shall try to get her some hearing aids. Then she can start all over again. Hope you and June are enjoying the best of health. We love you both very much and miss you, too. Hope our Bazaar will be a big success. Love to you both. Helen.

* * *

Dr. Bradley was guest speaker at the dinner of the Mid-West Hemophilia Association, at the Svithiod Club very recently, and received the following letter from its President, Mr. Clifford T. Lyon:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Everyone who speaks about our dinner, and everyone does, says that it was one of the most enjoyable dinners they have ever attended. We all think it was due to your delightful and inspirational talk. We all went home feeling better and elated because of it. Please accept our thanks and appreciation.

We think, and I know you agree, that we have a cause worthy of our best efforts and interests.

Very sincerely yours,
Clifford T. Lyon.

Only two short years ago Mr. Lyon started "from scratch" to organize a midwest branch of the New York Hemophilia Association. Dr. Bradley at that time made an announcement over the air, urging everyone suffering from Hemophilia to get in touch with Mr. Lyon at 2612 Lakeview Avenue. From then to now there has been steady

growth of the group until now they have the use of an emergency room at Grant Hospital. By a strange twist of fate Mr. Lyon himself was the first to need the use of that emergency room. The treatment he received was immediately effective and he is now hard at work again in his studio. He is an expert artist in design and display work.

Some time after the above was written, Clifford Lyon had another bout with old man Hemophilia, which interfered sadly with both work and pleasure. He is the most wonderful example of a thoroughly integrated person in spite of the handicap of this disease—a truly delightful personality—always on top of this physical difficulty with which he has to contend. It has been a difficult season for those thus afflicted and their blood bank has been sadly depleted and is much in debt to the hospital.

Won't you who read these lines contribute a pint of blood and do all you can to influence people you know to do the same. Call Graceland 7-5800 for an appointment at the Chicago Blood Donor's Service, 2056 N. Clark St. Say it is contributed in the name of Clifford Lyon for the Hemophilia group. It is necessary to go to this particular laboratory, as blood for this use must be processed at once, and therefore they must have their own special laboratory.

* * *

Not long ago Dr. Bradley gave seven addresses in two days at Rochester and Austin, Minnesota. The following letter came from the President of the Student Council of the Austin High School:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of the Austin student body the Student Council would like to extend its heartfelt thanks for your inspiring and impressive speech. As long as we have been in high school we cannot remember any speaker receiving such a tremendous ovation. We have never received so many favorable comments on a speech of your kind before.

At your talk that night you mentioned that our audience was very responsive, but we believe they were that way because you held them spellbound! Thank you once more and we hope we hear you again.

Sincerely yours,
David P. Johnson,
Student Council President.

* * *

Dr. Bradley is continually pointing out that people live to be much older than in former years. It must be true as evidenced by our Mail Bag, for as we look through it this month we have letters from "Mother" Zoehrns, 94; from Mrs. Ame Cornelius, 89 (and her handwriting is wonderful, as was that of Mother Zoehrns); and from Christie Carlin, who is 96 and who writes a beautiful hand and says, "We need Brains worse than we ever did" and he isn't going to discuss politics any more. Mrs. Cornelius says she started going to the Peoples Church over 30 years ago and is proud to be a member of such a fine church.

* * *

Mr. Chas. H. Bullock of Evanston, in commenting on Dr. Bradley's description of his love for the sea and boats, reminisced about a trip he took in 1911:

"On boarding as I did the old 'Olympic' at Southampton in 1911, I thought 'I'm going home!' and I felt an indescribable inner surge like the long wave of the ocean! As we sighted Nantucket, the Americans started singing, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the English, Scotch and Irish immigrants

joined in. (At that time I was traveling third class for financial reasons.) We had several evenings around the piano on the way over, singing folk songs of each land.

"I didn't attend one whole session of the Religious Congress in Evanston. Too much millinery or status quo. Mrs. Bullock and I went to hear one speaker only—Dr. Neimoller, and were amply repaid—'The Emphasis Should be Christ' was his subject."

* * *

KEEP ON THE BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
2—Funeral.
Luncheon Meeting. Walnut Room. Bismarck Hotel.
3—Meeting. Friends of Public Library Conference, Publisher's Agent.
4—Hospital and sick calls.
Wedding.
5—Two services. Peoples Church.
6—Address. 25th Anniversary.
Grand Haven Rotary Club, Grand Haven, Michigan.
Sick call.
7—Funeral.
Address. Northwest Town's Sportsmen's Club, American Legion Hall. Palatine, Illinois.
8—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
9—Funeral.
Publisher's conference.
10—Address. Central Uptown Chicago Association of Commerce.
Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Sick calls.
11—Funeral.
Weddings.
12—Morning Service Peoples Church.
City-wide Youth Symposium.
14—Two funerals.
Address. Christmas meeting, Men's Club, First Methodist Church, Kenosha, Wis.
15—Funeral.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
16—Funeral.
17—Sick Calls.
Attended opening of new branch Chicago Public Library.
Address. Christmas Party. Church School. Peoples Church.
18—Funeral.
Sick calls.
19—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Christening.
Wedding.
Afternoon concert in Church, by Assoc. of Commerce and Industry Glee Club.
Candlelight Service.
20—Funeral.
Hospital calls.
Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
21—Two funerals.
22—Funeral.
24—Christmas Eve Service.
26—Two services. Peoples Church.
28—Funeral.
30—Funeral.
Address. Iroquois Memorial Assoc. Chicago Public Library.
31—Wedding.
Midnight Watch Service.

WEDDINGS

4—Patricia Germain and Edwin C. Krywka.
11—Sarah Gould and Roland A. Smith.
Emily Norris and Theodore Ponting.
19—Betty Parker and David Dabay.
31—Billie Basquin and Harold Harmison.

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Louise Wisman.
7—John A. Cervenka, Jr.
9—Jessie Thomure.
11—Mrs. Caroline B. Reyner.
14—Mr. Wilfred E. Smith.
Mrs. Mary Grilec.
15—Raymond A. Porter.
16—Mrs. Elizabeth S. Reeves.
18—Mrs. Fannie Brett Wescott.
20—Mrs. Mary Line.
21—Mr. Frank J. Susanka.
Mrs. Lillian Tarman.
Mrs. Matilda Westin.
28—Milton Herzman.
30—Charles M. Carlson.

CHRISTENINGS

19—Gil Martin Jensen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eigel Jensen.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—*Monday, Feb. 7,* Literature Department, Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman. Book Review by Mrs. Jerry Schmal. Hostesses: Mrs. May Harrison and Mrs. John Powell ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Feb. 21, Membership Department, Mrs. Joan Hudson, Chairman. Birthday Party ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday evening, Feb. 22, Presenting Mr. and Mrs. Burton T. Atwood in an illustrated lecture on "Wild Life in Alaska." Mr. Atwood is President of the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League of America. Pictures in color 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, Short Business meeting at 7:30. Program, 8:00 p.m. presenting Mr. Robert Oesterreich and Mrs. Dolores Brown, in a telephone demonstration, "Your Voice is You." Audience participation, tape recordings made with playbacks. Refreshments. Guest fee for non-members, 35c ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—New members welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

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